

The Love Letters of a Confederate General

VE begin in the November issue a series of real love-letters written over fifty years ago by one of our national heroes to his sweetheart during the period of '61 to '65. This great general will go down to posterity as having accomplished one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the history of the world. He was as great a lover as he was a general, therefore these letters combine authentic history and exquisite romance. They sound a human note that no other work of



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HER PUZZLING MANNER

By H. M. GARDNER.

"Nell-if you don't mind, I'm going to-to-lodge, tonight."

The words were out at last. Not daring to look at her, I gulped the steaming coffee and covertly over the edge of the cup give her a quick glance. Instead of tears, greatly to my surprise, a pleased expression illumined her face. Arising, she swept over to me and threw her arms lovingly about my shoulders.

"Do go, Jack; it will do you good. I'll not be at all afraid to remain here."

She was very insistent on my going and later as I walked to the club I could not help thinking of her eagerness to get me off. We had

been married but a few months and this was the first night that I had left her alone. Her manner, to say the least, puzzled me.

But Nell's actions, however, were soon forgotten. At the club, I was hailed as one back from the dead. The boys crowded about me, chaffed good-naturedly about giving the "old lady" the slip and welcomed me into their midst with open arms. Once more I was the reckless, fun-loving, devil-may-care fellow that my friends had known,

The banquet broke up, but I did not go home. The night air was glorious. Never had I known night to possess such alluring charm. A party of six kindred spirts set out to "do the town." A masque ball was being held in a nearby hall and we broke in upon the dance.

A dainty little creature robed in quaint Japanese costume, coyly approached on tip toes and chucking me under the chin, flitted gayly away. 1 tried to pursue, but Mephisto in flaming red, with a demure little blackdraped nun in his arms, laughingly bumped me back into the crowd.

I stood fascinated. All about me was life-life that I had once known. Gro tesque and fanciful attired maskers, waltzed and paraded before me.

I tried to join in their march—but dull sickening feeling overcame me I suddenly awakened to my true seli and my thoughts returned to Nelldear trusting girl, awaiting alone at home for my return. With conscience severely pricking I turned to leave the

A girl attired in red; red dress, red mask, flitted past me. I stopped abruptly. The figure was strangely familiar. I stood, bewildered, puzzledand then, as my gaze followed the red masked figure whirling about the ballroom, my breath came quick and

"Ah! I saw it all, now. I saw why she was so anxious I should go to lodge. Never could I have dreamed of such a thing-such treachery, such wanton deceit. But here-"

The music ceased playing and the dancers were leaving the floor. Leaning on the arm of a cavalier, she entered the palm room.

I walked quickly across the floor and savagely brushed aside the cur-

I staggered back, clutching the draperles for support. My head seemed to swing and a mist gathered before my eyes.

The fellow had deliberately kissed

There they sat, her head resting contentedly on his shoulder and he holding her in tight embrace.

A few swift strides and I stood before them. The man, angry at my intrusion, attempted to arise, but before he could do so, I seized him by the shoulders and with almost superhuman strength, hurled him from me, sprawling to the floor. Turning I gazed at his companion, who cowered trembling in the seat.

"So this was why you were so eager that I should go to lodge? Wanted to meet this chivalrous lover of yours, eh?"

Fearfully her hand sought the mask as if to remove it, but after a moment's pause, fell mechanically back

"Can't you speak; can't you talk?" cried. "Let's see your face-let's see if it has any shame in it?" Reaching forward with a savage

jerk I tore away the mask. The revelation staggered me. "I beheld-not my wife-but

She had appropriated jewelry and wardrobe from the mistress.

Digging for Pipe Bowls. Meerschaum is extracted in precise y the same way as coal. Pits from 25 feet to 125 feet deep are dug, and as soon as the vein is struck horizontal galleries, sometimes of considerable length, are made, though more than two galleries are seldom to be

found in one pit. When taken out of

the mine meerschaum is soft enough to

be easily cut with a knife. It is imshover." nedded in a layer of red clay several ches thick and in this ctate it it old to the deal as pash about him."

LOOKING FOR SET OF TEETH

Philadelphia Police Must Find Them Before They Can Convict Prisoner of Guilt.

Upon the result of the search of detectives for a set of false teeth rested the question of the guilt or innocence of Albert Alter, who is charged with the robbery of a diamond scarf pin from Charles Lanholf of Cam-

Lanholf testified before Magistrate Yates that Alter approached him and indicated he wanted to whisper something. Leaning over him, Lanholf said that Alter seized his scarf pin between his teeth and bit off the dia-

All the while Lanholf was testifying Alter kept his mouth closed tightly, When the complainant had finished he opened his mouth, displaying a wide expanse of toothless gums and demanded to know how he could have bitten a scarf pin or anything else without teeth.

The magistrate held Alter for a further hearing, and ordered detectives to search the scene of the alleged robbery for a set of false teeth that will fit Alter's mouth,-Philadelphia Dispatch to the New York Sun.

ONE OF THE ESENTIALS



First Caddie-Mr. Saintmann will never make a good golf player. Second Caddie-Why not?

First Caddie-He can't swear a

A WISE PARSON.

Mrs. Wesley Crosscut-You're surely not going to be away Wed-nesday night! Don't you remember that is the date Deacon Bunce has set for our pound party?

Rev. Wesley Crosscut (firmly)-I do, my dear; but I prefer the ounce of prevention .- Puck.

that cleaning establishment give you a receipt?

Clerk-No, sir. You are not afraid you won't get your white flan-

nel suit back, are you?" "Well, I thought I saw her wearing it yesterday."-Life.

INVOLVED SLANG.

about baseball?" "I might if I understood the phraseology," said the lawyer. "This description of the game is as technical as a legal document."

MAIN THING.

Mother-Katherine, what are the intentions of that young man you are permitting to call on you so often? Daughter-Never mind that,

mother; I know what my intentions

NO DIFFICULTY THERE.

Her Father-Grace is too young to marry yet. She knows nothing about the world and could not manage ser-

Suitor-Oh, there'll be no difficulty there, sir; we shan't have any.

UNBRIDLED NOW.

"You used to say that just to hold my hand was like being in heaven."

"I know I did, but you held your tongue then."

DRY.

Guzzler-My life was a desert until I met you.

Miss Caustique-Ah! At last I have an explanation of your marvelous thirst .- Judge.

PROVED IT.

"Bill says his son writes him from the city that he's got a job as a

"I knew that boy had plenty of

TOO MANY HEIRLOOMS

By HENRY SCHREYER.

"No," said the girl at the museum, "let's not go in there. I just hate heirlooms!" she frowned with disfavor

on the exhibition and turned away. "I've been brought up among heirlooms since I can remember, and I loathe and despise them!" she said, shuddering.

"When I was a baby they began. My best dress all through my babyhood was the dress my mother and grandmother had been baptized in. Of course, if they'd been noble blooded, or something, so the dress could have been delicate lace, or something, I could have stood it, but I know my infant flesh protested against wearing for best a yellow old unstylish piece of heavy muslin that looked like a

bath robe! "But it was an heirloom, and in every picture I have of my babyhood I'm inclosed in that thing! I'm ashamed to show my baby pictures for people will think I'm three times my natural age, from the style of my dress!

"Then I had a lot of great aunts, with garrets, and when they saw that picture of the dress of ancient vintage nothing would do but they should turn over their rubbish and send me boxes of things almost perishing with age! Of course, mother had to fix them up, and she usually just did as little as possible, so I could wear them a little while and then throw them away. She felt that as much as that was needful, to keep in with the relatives. But there I went around, in my girlhood, with hoopskirts minus the hoops, and with moth-eaten sleeves, skin tight, when all the girls were wearing big puffs. And to appease me mother always told me that I should be proud

to have heirlooms! "I tell you, if you want to look at heirlooms, look at me! Here I stand, a perfect museum! Look at this skirt



"I Just Hate Heirlooms."

It was handed down from Mrs. Noah or very nearly! Aunt Jane wrote that she had a good tailored skirt-Briggs-Doesn't the manager of she didn't mention that the tailor died in his dotage long since-and wouldn't I like it? It was hardly used a bit, she said, and she did hope that I'd appreciate it. She had kept it for years, expecting to make some use of it, but it was always too good to cut

"So I accepted it as gracefully as I could, for Aunt Jane bears grudges forever if she gets them. Now she writes every week to ask how it's wearing-and she's coming down this "Then you don't enjoy reading summer, so I've got to give it a little use or she'll suspect something. She's dreadfully observing!

"And see this trimming on my collar! Well, my Great Uncle John found that in Venice once upon a time, I suspect in some former incarnation! The gold is all tarnished, and the colors are so blended with age that it looks like a piece of leather. But you ask grandmother about it! She can see it gleaming in its pristine splendor, and she beams on me whenever I come near in this suit! As she lives with us, I have to wear it on every occasion. I can leave it at home when I go to the store, on the plea of preserving it, but if I'm dressed up grandmother is right there to see that this collar is in its proper place.

"Why, they've grown so used to seeing me in heirlooms that my younger aunts send on their old shoes! And mother, being economical and desiring to be grateful for all favors, writes back to say how delighted I am-and then we get more! And each aunt brags to the others how generous she is, and their generosity grows!

"Our house is so full of heirloomsall moth-eaten and rickety—that we haven't room for a decent chair, and our pictures are all enlarged photographs! But they're heirlooms-ask the people who gave them to us and see if they're not!

"Now mother's growing stout, so she's bestowing all her outgrown things on me!

"Actually, I think when I take things off I'll just burn them up to save some one else the agony of possession!

"Don't show me any heirlooms. I'd rather go in here and see the way gold and silver is made into money, to buy new things to wear!"-Chicago Daily

Plenty of Books. "Compulsory education is a great

thing," exclaimed the little man. "Yes," replied the big man, "but I notice that people continue to call up Avon 184 and ask for Mr. Wolf and Mr. Campbell."

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